

ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.
Vol. XIII.—No. 655.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1896.

[ONE PENNY.]



SOMETHING LIKE A SHOW.

"Owing probably to what Poor Papa terms 'the malignant jealousy of a reptile Press,' no mention has been made of the fact that Dad was called upon to act as Mace-Bearer during the progress of the Lord Mayor's Show. It seems that owing to sudden indisposition, the proper official was not available, and at the last moment an urgent message arrived from the Guildhall, entreating Papa to act as substitute. My parent graciously consented, and, I understand, conducted himself with much dignity, though a slight reproof he thought fit to administer to Mr. Moses en route, caused some temporary excitement."—TOOTSIE.

SARCASM.



Boy (whose offer to "carry yer luggage, sir," has been declined). All right! Rooin' yer 'ealth an' constitooshun, luggin' that there Pickford's van-load abart! Only, when yer lyin' in the 'ospital wiv a dislocated shoulder, don't blame me!

THE ATTENTION WE RECEIVE WHEN—



(1) Going down Piccadilly wearing our bowler, and—(2) When we stroll along with our most beavery topper on.

A MATTER-OF-COURSE MURDERER.

IN Hungary, seven years ago, on August 13th, 1889, Paul Gyömber was condemned to death. His appearance is said to have been prepossessing. He was a well-built, intelligent-looking young man. During his trial he manifested but little interest in the proceedings, but sometimes he smiled. He had only committed six murders.

His master in the art of assassination was a ruffian he had been locked up with for some time in prison for theft. This prison companion advised his promising pupil never to join a band of malefactors but to work on his own account. He told him that the best weapon to use was a hatchet, and that he should always kill his victim, as dead men told no tales.

Released from gaol in February, 1888, he made his appearance at a small place called Esougrad, and obtained a night's lodging of an old couple. The man was seventy-six, his wife was blind. The following day Gyömber was entertaining his host and hostess with amusing stories when suddenly he seized the former by the throat, threw him on the ground, and choked him to death. He then dragged the blind old woman from her bed by the hair and battered out her brains with a footstool. Afterwards he ransacked the cottage and made off with thirteen florins.

Ten days later he killed and robbed an old woman in her own house, this time using a hatchet. Only in the following November he had to begin again, so the spoil must have

been larger, unless a murder or two in between are not recorded. This time his victims were an innkeeper and his wife, and on this occasion he again used a hatchet. Entering the bar room he ordered wine and sat chatting and joking till supper time. He then supped heartily, drank and smoked, and when closing time came, having engaged a bed, retired to his room. When all was quiet he crept noiselessly to the room occupied by his hosts, both of whom he, with his hatchet, brutally hacked to death.

But the "swag" on this occasion only amounted to ten florins, which goes to prove that Hungary is an unremunerative country for one of his trade. His counsel at his trial asked him if he would have killed the people had they given him the money of their own accord, to which, probably to the counsel's surprise, he blandly replied, "Yes; in order that they should not inform against me."

His sixth victim was a woman whom he attacked with a hatchet but finished off with a log of wood and robbed of a quantity of clothing. In the following December he attempted to rob and murder a woman who kept an inn at Szentes. He fell upon her with a hatchet, but she bit his finger and raised an alarm, which compelled him to take to flight.

In the following April he attempted to murder a woman whom he found alone in her house with her two children. He owned to his intention to slay his victim, but she eventually recovered. He said he did not touch her children as he had pity on them.

This monster displayed great attachment for his mother and his young wife, to whom he had not been long married.

Though the trial happened so recently, as it occurred in "foreign parts" it is probably quite forgotten, but what a sensation it would have caused had it taken place in England!

BILLIAM THE BLOODSTAINED.

ANNOTATED BY ALEXANDRY, THE BLOODLESS BOY.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

PASSING through the doorway Billiam and I find ourselves in a well-appointed public-house bar. We gaze anxiously round and not a soul is to be seen. We hammer on the counter with our knuckles. Nobody appears. We help ourselves to a pound or so of biscuits and about half-a-pint of sherry, replace the glasses and knock again, and cry in chorus: "What ho! within, without there! Is this desirable property to be let or sold?" There is no answer. A death-like silence prevails. We try a couple of drops of Scotch. The biscuits had struck us both as being a bit off, but there is a pork pie under a glass cover that looks tempting. Billiam cuts it into four and puts a quarter into his mouth. Merciful powers! What has happened to him?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Thanks for letter, B. J. C., but to deprive you isn't fair. Start a paper of your own and work out your suggestions there. Glad you like the series, COTTLE. Much obliged for cutting, ZEB. It would seem that the excitement takes but little time toebb. It is done for honour, SANDYS; Not, of course, for paltry pelf. He'd be pleased to tell you, QUISSEY, but he doesn't know himself.

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SHE KNEW A THING OR TWO.



"You wouldn't like me to have to tell mamma of the way you go on." "And you wouldn't like me to tell mamma of the way you go on—with the soldier man."

COURTING AND BOXING.

If you don't want to fall in love with a girl don't commence flirting with her. The courting for fun is like boxing for fun. You put on your gloves in perfect good humour, with the most friendly intentions of exchanging a few amicable blows; you find yourself insensibly warmed with the enthusiasm of the conflict until some unlucky punch in the "veskit" decides the matter, and the whole affair ends in downright earnest.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

To celebrate Queen Victoria's Reign, the longest in English History, Miss Tootsie Sloper is now designing the KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND COSTUMES.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 653.—The "John" Costume.



"CYMBELINE" AT THE LYCEUM.

"Oh! Captain Bouncer, you are late!—you've missed the famous 'chest' scene." "Ah—well! What's it all about?—you must expwain it to me!" [Young lady hardly feels equal to the task.]



"Hi! you blank, blank Juggins! why can't yer stop? If I was a bloke with patent leathers on, you'd pull up fast enough!"



A RAY FROM THE CAMERA.

"Unfortunately, your photographs fade with age, don't they?" "Well, madam, not so much as the party taken!"

The girl A. SLOPER dreamt about, and whose photo was found in his breast pocket by Mrs. S. Talk about beating carpets!

ONLY IN TOWN FOR THE DAY.



Old Lady. Is that the Lord Mayor's Show? Newsrevisor. It's nothin' so low, ma'am; it's the procession goin' to welcome Jim Kincher out o' prison.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

SCENE—Home for Inebriates.

Unreformed Soaker. You're looking all right, old man. How do you like it? You seem to be well treated here.

Reforming Soaker. Well treated? Yes, I'm well treated all day long, whenever I want a drink, but I'd rather be whiskey treated, ever so much.

NEVER judge by appearances. Black care often sits as groom to the smartest carriage, and the neatest pair of boots may conceal the tortured trotters of a man whose wife knits all his socks at home.

HE came up to look at the Show;
But Fortune proved really unkind,
And all he could see
Was four feet by three
Of hat, that he stood just behind.

THE Penniless Poet gazed rapturously upon the miniature grass plot at the rear of the suburban boarding-house. "How sweet," he said, "to see the myriad blades glistening in the joyous morning's sunlight." But the Prosaic Proprietress sniffed contemptuously. "How they must remind you of your account," she said, coldly: "All over dew, you know;" and sailed out majestically to see after the kippers.

Penhecker's Mother-in-Law. The fact is, you men don't know what is good for you. A strict wife, now, that won't stand no nonsense is really a blessing in disguise.

Penhecker. Humph! deuced well disguised.

PREDICTIONS FOR 1897.

BY ZADKIEL SLOPER, F.O.S.

(Editorial note.—Professor Zadkiel Sloper is an offshoot of the sublime family well known in scientific circles. In the Jubilee year he declined the honour of knighthood. For the last three months he has been studying the stars from the Kew observatory in conjunction with Sir Robert Ball. The result of his lucubrations is as follows.)

I see in the year that lies before us some remarkable cataclysms to affect our dear native land. The newspaper and journalistic press will be making gigantic strides. New papers will be issued, and great improvements will be seen. But there is one paper that will emerge triumphantly from all rivalry, and still be the best. Need I mention names? Nay. Let me dissemble. My family was always modest.

In the month of January there will be signs of grief at Mildew Court. Alexandry will be weeping profoundly. What boots it! Sloper will have the brokers in.

February will see great commotion and excitement at the Frivolity. Tender hearts will flutter, and beautiful cheeks will flush with expectation. A new Johnnie is to come on the scene, silly and moneyish. What lark! The brokers will be in at Mildew Court.

In the month of March there will be a famous prisoner on trial at the Central Criminal Court. The record of his crimes will startle the nation, and civilisation will be shaken to its centre. The prisoner will refuse all information as to his identity, and will be termed the Great Unknown. Ikey Mo will be missing from his usual haunts about Houndsditch. The brokers will be in at Mildew Court.

April will see a great police coup in the shape of a raid upon a fashionable club. Gambling for very high stakes will be proved, three hundred thousand pounds passing into one pair of hands. ALLY had better lay in a stock of cobbler's wax. Rumfoozlers beware! Mildew Court will be again invaded by low emissaries from the County Court.

May will be noted for high jinks at Bow Street. A green copper from the country will run in a famous newspaper proprietor, and the land will arise in indignation at the insult. A national memorial will be raised to pay the brokers out of Mildew Court.

June will see a nation's memorial wasted in liquor, the Old Man still inebriated, and—the brokers will be in at Mildew Court.

July.—T. B. W. B. I. A. M. C.

August.—The Queen of Beauty will be breaking hearts at seaside resorts. A High Personage (not to say Mighty) will offer his hand, etc., to the lady, but she will be true to a young nobleman of dissipated habits. Brokers.

September will see slaughter on the moors. Six keepers will be shot dead. A certain blue-eyed boy will be in possession of his first gun. The brokers as usual.

October will, for a change, see the landlord in possession at a certain historic residence.

November will see bills up announcing the sale by auction of the furniture at the said historic residence.

December will witness the production of some famous Christmas Holidays, whereby a celebrated newspaper proprietor will raise a little money to pay out the brokers and save his mansion from being sold up. On the 31st of this month the brokers will be once more in possession. Vicat Regina!

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THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE IN 1880.



The Discoverer. Well, hang me if that fellow Sloper hasn't been here before us! It's no use trying to do anything original with that boulder in the field.

TOOTSIE AT THE PALACE.

THERE was a time, Mamma says, when the word "tights" would no more generally and publicly have been mentioned than "trunks," but now all that is changed. The somewhat unattractive maidens and matrons and much "off" gents who annually bob up as witnesses at the court of the County Council have dragged into a fierce light the hitherto unknown intricacies of the theatrical wardrobe.

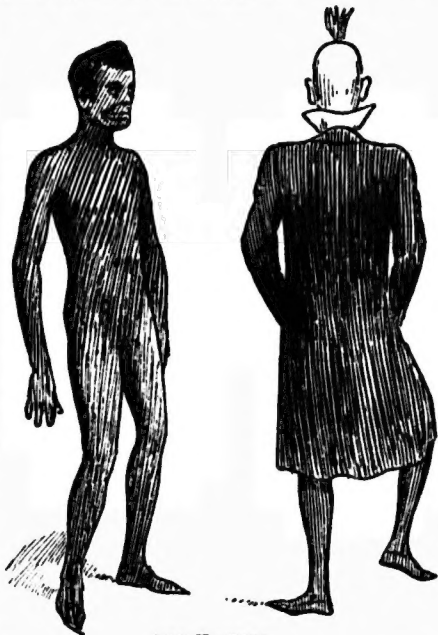


MISS LOTTIE COLLINS.

daughters, or even wives, frisking thusly in a Brixton back parlour.

What once again strikes me as fairly amusing is that the newspaper critics take the side of the halls. Now, in the case of a performance at the theatre where a slight flutter of naughtiness sets the stalls and gallery (always hand-in-hand, mind you, though rather a long way apart), when it sets both a-giggling it means real good biz for the management, whatever the Saturday-night critic may say of it. Managers ought not to produce risky plays on a Saturday night, but they will, you know. The critical Saturday night bird takes a deal of salting to catch. He may have to dash the thing off, right away, at the newspaper office and not take his time on Sunday with other papers by his side to refer to. He may be a married man, and have to be careful, and sometimes even when the Lord Chamberlain has passed words of a "deodorised drama," subsequently cut out at rehearsals by the bashful management, and the thing has been well trimmed, the married man critic suggests more mutilation. Heaven help the poor gallery and stalls if, with all this care lavished upon them, they go wrong.

But to get back to the Palace. Charles Morton has never given us a better entertainment than is now to be found there. The one and only Lottie excels herself. Les Minstrels Parisiens and the Tiller Troupe are all there. There are the Collie dogs and their friend Duncan, the vastly amusing Haytors, Julie Mackey, Ben Nathan, Florence Bogart, and, of course, the beautiful and much discussed Tableaux Vivants. And what else would you have?



THE HAYTORS.

A WORM THAT TURNED.

HE was a poor struggling ha'penny-a-liner, with hunger and thirst writ large upon his pinched grey face. His elbows glistened like the smoked lens of a sixpenny kaleidoscope, and his boots gave an audible "squish, squish," as he trudged through the mud. Ordinarily he was an inquest and county court reporter, but in his lighter vein he sometimes penned a grim, sad joke, and such was the case to-day. He'd written it out neatly, under-lined the point to be set in italics, and now ascended the stairs at Bunghole Brothers, Limited, gigantic printing establishment to unload it on the unwary comic editor of *Bust Yer Sides!* one of the seventy-two miscellaneous publications, over whose destinies Bunghole Brothers ruled.

It was precious confusing to a contributor who only called occasionally; those seventy-two editorial dens under one roof, for nothing is so calculated to begin trouble as to unwittingly drop in and leave an account of a rattling match with the controller of *The Pew and the Pulpit*, or turn in a racy account of a breach of promise suit on the elderly maiden lady who is penning a recipe for an "infant's first swaddling bandage" for *"Woman's Corner."*

He paused on the fifth floor. "Higher up, this is *The Golfer's Guide* room," said an irritable old man in a red flannel jacket. He paused on the eleventh floor. "Oh, the *Buster*, that's upstairs," said a small boy of severe importance; "this is *Replicas All Hot* floor!"

He pulled up, puffing, on the fourteenth floor. A sweet young typewriter came out of a door marked, "*The Mother-in-Law's Marker, Editress.*" "Three more flights," she said, prettily, "the lift will be here in a minute."

But he didn't wait for it; he trudged on. When he pulled up again it was on the eighteenth floor; in his abstraction he hadn't kept count properly.

"Oh, you're one of the wits of the *Buster*, eh?" laughed a facetious young gentleman, who was the sub of *Football Flasher*. "You'll find it on the floor below."

The poor liner thanked him, and was about to descend. "Half a mo," cried the *Football* funny man, "I merely wish to remark that you've carried your joke too far! Ha-ha-ha! He-he-he!"

But the worm had turned. The incensed contributor, his eyes now flashing fire, and his nostrils dilated, had caught up a pair of editorial scissors and ere the echo of the wretched sub-editor's laughter had died away, he fell bleeding to the ground with the sharp shears stuck in his intercostal artery.

HIS LITTLE FAILING.

"THERE'S only one thing I have to find fault with in dear George," said the lovely girl, as she wound up the catalogue of her lover's attractions; "and that is that the poor dear boy knows nothing about reciting." "I should call that rather an advantage," responded the bosom friend. "Ah! but you don't understand; he insists on reciting just the same."

HIS TURN NOW.



Tilly. S'y, Joe, since you sneaked that kojack you do nothink but take coppers. Joe. Sorter reciprocity, d'yer see? The coppers 'ave taken me times enough.

BOWLED OUT!

THE masher toyed with his silk moustache, And a thoughtful think he thank; "I've been telling folks I've a heap of cash In the Bluffum and Beatum Bank. And now that the Bank has failed, I guess I won't be able to wear An appropriate look of extreme distress— For I ne'er had a sixpence there! And people will know—blank, dash! blank, dash!— That I've told 'em a lie point-blank!" And the masher twisted his silk moustache, As the sorrowful think he thank!

OUR LADY'S CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY LADY DOWDY.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.—The latest thing in drawing-room decoration is what is known as the "Cycle Suite." The chairs are all mounted on wheels à la tricycle, and ordinary leather saddles from the seats. The curtains are looped up with pneumatic tyres, while handles, brakes, and pedals are utilized for the manufacture of frames for pictures and mirrors. The floor is usually asphalted, but, if this is not convenient, it can be cemented instead. When receiving friends, Arnica, and Elliman's Embrocation are served in place of tea or coffee, and here and there on the wall should be hung pockets containing rolls of bandages, diachylon plaister, etc.

ARTISTIC.—The best way of making use of empty tomato-tins is to surround them with sheets of wadding, and then quilt them in between two pieces of satin. Treated in this manner they make an elegant and useful quilt, far superior to eiderdown. The tins should not be washed before using as that detracts from their warmth. Another method of employing an empty tin is to cover it with velvet and then stitch it on to a hat-brim, when it makes an admirable new-fashioned jumpot crown, which may be trimmed according to taste.

SCHOOLGIRL.—It is certainly a mistake on the part of your mother not to allow you to have a pet kitten or dog. How is a girl to show her affectionate disposition, to exhibit as it were, the wells of loving kindness which be hidden within her heart unless she has some object upon which she can lavish them? and little brothers are not always handy; besides, sometimes one feels more like smacking than kissing them. I don't consider that it is giving you a fair chance, especially as you are of a romantic disposition. I should insist upon it, if I were you.

OH-H-H!



She. Why would you like to punch the man's nose? You know you should love your neighbour as yourself. He. That's just where it is. I do! and the man's her husband.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SHOW.

HAD you been at all disposed for a mild gamble, you would have trustfully betted thirty-three to one that, if he had not exactly come up from Cheedle himself, he was, at any rate, an inhabitant of some equally remote and primitive village as that immortalised in song by the talented Edwin Barwick.

But, then, you do see some strange things when you go out without your gun on Lord Mayor's Day; there is no other attraction like the big show for drawing together such an assemblage of curious wild fowl.

But to come back to our—well, dare we call him our hero? With pensive mien and sad he made his way through the thronged thoroughfare of the City, his glance betokening wild surprise at the giddy vortex into which he found himself plunged; shrinking timidly from the coarse jests of the ribald revellers whose mirth he managed to arouse.

It was Gladys Viola who took pity upon his seeming loneliness at last; sweet Gladys Viola, the fairest, daintiest birdie that ever built its nest in the pastoral woodland of St. John. He quite jumped when she spoke to him, it seemed to startle him so; but she asked him, oh, so prettily, if he would mind her standing in front of him while the procession passed, that he gave up his place to her in a moment.

And during the long, weary wait, she managed to put him quite at his ease. She informed him how, in the dreadful crush, she had unhappily got separated from her auntie, and the terrible state of mental anxiety under which she laboured in consequence. And when it was all over, and the great gilded coach, with its rag-tag and bobtail following, had at length swept by, they were quite good friends, and he gladly acted upon her delicate hint that a snack of luncheon would be a fitting finish to the morning's pleasure.

And Gladys ordered the "snack." Natives, clear soup, grilled sole, a bird, and an omelet. That's all; just a stay for the appetite, as it were, and washed down with a magnum of Mumm.

Then did our hero call for the reckoning, and journey to the cloak-room for a wash and brush up while the waiter did his little bit of arithmetic. The minutes fled, but he came not back, and Gladys Viola became impatient. Half an hour, three quarters of an hour, and now the manager came forward to speak to her. "Ze gentleman is not to be found on ze premises; madam will therefore kindly settle ze bill." And madam, feeling instinctively for her purse, makes a discovery. Like her late companion, it has vanished; her watch, too,—why, that is missing also. And then—well, then the full orchestra strikes up the overture.

SLOPER'S ANCESTORS.

No. 38.



WALPOLE BODEGA SLOPER.

BORN, 1741. KILLED FOR CARD SHARPING, 1782. From the painting by J. B. Burgess, R.A., at Attenborough's.

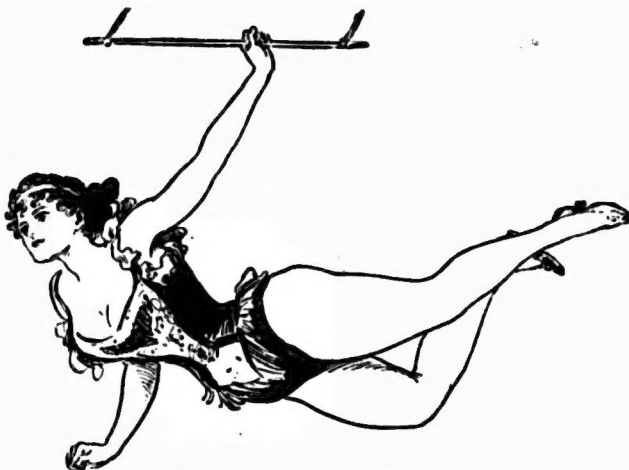
MADE IN—

GIRLS UNCLE BOFFIN'S ADVISED.

A BIT ROUGH FOR HIM.



"Where do ze Germs come from?"
"Germany, I should say."



Uncle at first seemed to think she should give up the trapeze game altogether and join the Salvation Army; but after she'd given him about five minutes conversation, he altered his opinion.



Pal (hilariously). Well, s'welp me ten men an' a boy! wot's the meanin' o' this rig-out, Pimple?
Pimple (morosely). Garn! Muvver says, as I seem to fink I'm a man, she ain't a-goin' to trouble abart alterin' dad's togs to fit me, so she's just snipped a bit orf round the bottom. 'Ow would you like it?

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH, Esq.

HE HAD AN EYE FOR BEAUTY.



"Look here, Ponto, those are not real legs, old chap. You're old enough to know the difference by now."

READY TO GO ON.



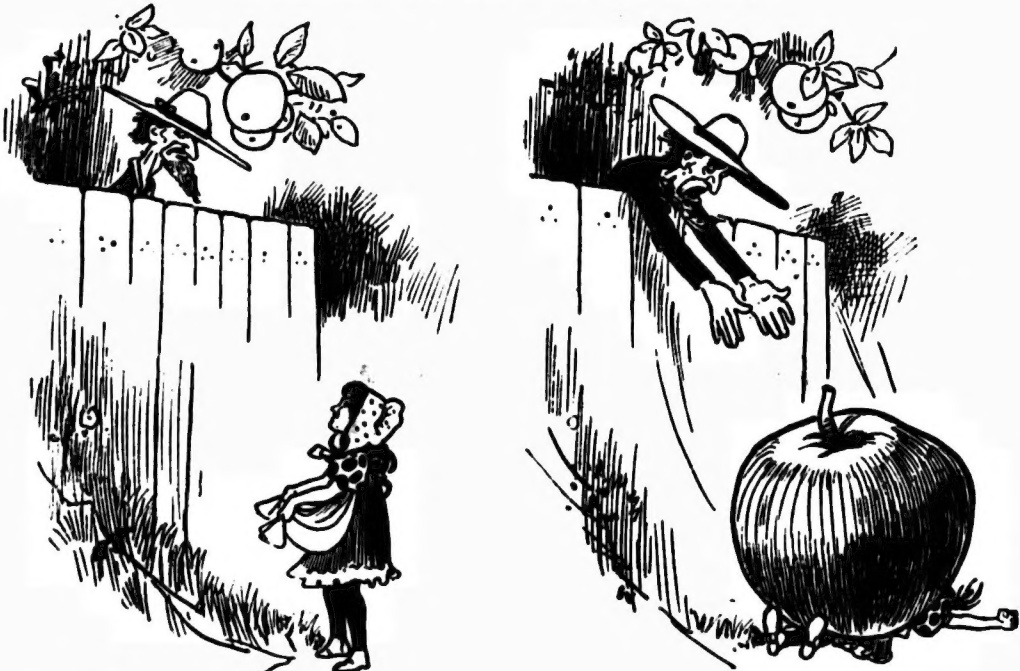
"Oh! if George could only see me now!"
[Very likely there'd be a row.]

When A. SLOPER alighted (on his back) at Sloane Square Station for the Royal Court Theatre, he anticipated an entertaining and instructive interview with his genial friend, Arthur Chudleigh, lessee and manager, and he did not think that—but enough! Let us proceed and find the Eminent on the stage between Acts 1 and 2 of that delightful musical play, by his old and tried friend, Cecil Raleigh, and his young friend, Kinsey Poile. *The Belle of Cairo*.—(1) There he encountered his dear and charming friend, May Yohe, in the most fetching of bugler's uniforms. "Ah! my child," cried the Aged, "never in my life, May, have I heard you in better voice, or beheld you looking more—" "Oh, dry up, Ally," said Miss Yohe, "you want a favour, I suppose. Well, what is it?" "Tell me, hast seen Arthur pass this way?" "Prithee, do not ask me!" "Nay, I insist!" "Spare me!" "I cannot!" "Then I have not!" and she disappeared into a tent pitched on the stage. "May, May!" cried A. SLOPER, rapping at the door with his umbrella,—(2) and there

appeared from out the tent bonnie Ethel Earle, as another soldier boy. "This is puzzling," observed A. SLOPER, "but interesting. I am beginning to like it. Prithee, Ethel, hast seen—" (3) Then he felt overshadowed by a presence. 'Twas the carpet merchant, impersonated by Michael Dwyer. "Who art thou?" cried A. SLOPER. "Ali Ibrahim," replied the other. "You what him? know that I am he. Prithee, hast seen—Ah! there he is!"—(4) Arthur Chudleigh, I have come to interview you." "Could you do a drink first?" enquired the genial manager, with a queer twinkle in his eye. "Could I—oh! Arthur." Then Mr. Chudleigh beckoned to Cook's Guide, in a pair of furious moustachios. "Personally conduct Mr. SLOPER to the Hall of a Thousand Drinks."—(5) Cook's Guide salaamed and led the way, followed by the smiling SLOPER. But when he suddenly found himself at the stage door and more suddenly chucked into the drenching rain, the Old Man thought it best to go quietly, for F. D. Pengelly, the Guide, is a tall and muscular Christian.

ANOTHER BIG ONE FROM AMERICA.

SMALL CONSOLATION.



(1) "Please, mister, frow me an apple?"

(2) Thrown!!!

Son (in debt). Very well, father, I shall appeal to you no more; I asked you for bread and you offered me a stone.
Father. Yes, sir, and you may think yourself confoundedly lucky I didn't make you swallow it.



Lifting the Veil.



An XXXcellent XXXhibition.



Another Milestone.

HARE OFF WITH "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES" ON.



Cutting prices.



Uncle Sam.



Skill running.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Prince Bismarck's, as we've lately seen, A two-faced policy has been :—The exhibition proved, you know, A thoroughly successful show :—The Prince of Wales, I'm glad to say, Sees yet another Natal Day :—Hare bids farewell to England's shore, To Yankee land he's off once more :—That competition must be keen, We by a recent case have seen :—Sam hails with very great delight, The termination of the fight :—Well, who can wonder? when shall we A more delightful opera see?—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

McNAB MISUNDERSTOOD AGAIN.



Miss Georgina Diana Flyaway. Well, if this doesn't mean a full meet, I shall have a worse opinion of man than ever.



Jas. Brown



"My old boy's doing something at last." "Oh, come, things are looking up! What's he doing?" "Time."



Franky. All right, father, let us down easy, and I'll grow whiskers like yours for the rest of my life.



Mr. Spofford (after the proposal). Can you, then, Mildred, give me no encouragement? Miss De Lacey. Oh, yes; I will introduce you to our housemaid with pleasure.

(1) As McNab was returning from committing suicide, — (2) McParritch remarked to the Laird, "Dang and dooble dang the beastly deceiver, inviting us to witness a beautiful suicide, and playing the bloomin' goat!" — (3) And McNab said, "Aw'll suicide ye, ye couple o' bottle-nosed lobsters! Can a man no take a whiff of fresh water without being accused of takin' his life!"

ALLY-CAMPANE.

The *Little Genius* has run into a second edition, a fact that will surprise no one who has witnessed this delightful production. Unstinted praise must be lavished upon Mr. E. J. Lonnen for his share in making the piece what it is, but to Miss Florence St. John the main success of *The Little Genius* is undoubtedly due. Let us, then, join in that tribute to her talents, which is the just reward of this incomparable songstress of comic opera.



THE Undermined Structure has this day conferred the "Award of Merit" upon ALDERMAN FAUDEL PHILLIPS, because he's the new Lord Mayor. "For bloomin' artfulness, feyther," commented the youth of the Azure optics, "you certainly crawl off with the cracknel. But it ain't a bit of use your tryin' to defeat the heads of justis' by gettin' the right side of the Chief Magistrat. It'll be the usual ten bob and a caution the first time you ever comes before 'im; and if I was in 'is place, blessed if I wouldn't giv' you a month's hard, just to—." But upon the subject of an indignant father's remonstrance we prefer to remain silent. The details are too harrowing for publication.

FRED BARNARD, the artist, who died a few weeks ago, used to tell a funny story about his being on a coroner's jury. When the twelve good men were conducted to view the body, Barnard, who had a horror of the duty, merely peeped into the mortuary and returned to the coroner's court some time before his fellow-jurymen reappeared. "Have you viewed the deceased?" enquired the coroner. "No, but I've smelt him," replied Barnard. "No doubt that will be enough," continued the coroner. "Quite enough for me," said Barnard.

MUSIC-HALL frequenters should have no difficulty in recognising the accompanying sketch as that of the principal boy in *Tou White's Arabs*, a welcome turn everywhere, and especially so at the Canterbury, whither the Aged bent his tottering footsteps recently. Amongst other items of an excellent programme were the Brothers Dann, who did some clever tumbling and horizontal acts; Arthur Forrest, in a funny serpentine dance; Harry Wenburn, with a good song about moon shooting, which particularly appealed to the Ancient; Kitty Rayburn, the Lupinos, Tom Woottwell, and the Great Cee-Mee.



THE Fifth of November Carnival at Hampstead, for the benefit of the funds of the Mount Vernon Hospital for Consumption, was a glorious success. The costume procession by torch-light was quite as attractive as the Lord Mayor's Show, and a thundering sight funnier. The penny programme of the route, etc., was decorated with a picture by W. F. Thomas, and represented the Eminent indignantly remonstrating with a couple of boys, who are carrying a guy painfully like the F.O.M. himself. The origin of Guy Fawkes' day we all know, but to A. SLOPER, Esq., it is mainly due that the annual celebration is kept *all a-growin' and a-blovin'.*

THE Eminent, who is, of course, an acknowledged authority upon such matters, tenders his hearty congratulations to Messrs. Dale and Reynolds on the result of the recent Brewers' Exhibition. Better than ever was the general verdict, which ALLY fully endorses. He and McGooseley were up at Islington "sampling" for the greater part of the week, so that he speaks from intimate personal knowledge. All the same, he considers the chucker unnecessarily violent.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS have again gone "one better." Their newest Christmas Cards, booklets, almanacs and other seasonable artistic goods surpass anything that this world-famous firm has previously turned out. What more need we say? The name itself is a sufficient guarantee of excellence, but you may take it from us, they have produced some sweetly lovely things this year. Ask for Raphael Tuck's when you go to buy your cards; and see that you get 'em.

GOOD old Lord Mayor's Show! In spite of the increasing amount of ridicule hurled annually for many years at the historic pageant, it seems this time bigger and more flourishing than ever. Avunt, thou scoffers! and let us have our Ninth of November procession in peace. The City is rich, it can afford to pay for its pompous installation of a new Lord Mayor, and much of the money is not ill spent. Yet there are those who would also lay a sacrilegious hand upon the famous banquet, men with no taste for turtle, and a mind below '84 fizz. Perish the thought! It's enough to disturb an Alderman's slumbers for a month.

THE "Sloper Warrant" has just been gummed on to the backs of Messrs. Brammell Brothers of Liverpool, those fortunate gentlemen being appointed "Pure Dry Soap" Suppliers to A. SLOPER. The early announcement of a regular washing day at Mildew Court is now being eagerly looked forward to.

SLOPER'S DANCING ACADEMY.

SIGNOR SLOPERINI REALLY CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO SEE ALL HIS PUPILS HOME AFTER THEIR LESSONS. THEY MUST TAKE IT IN TURNS.



No. 20.—Miss Cora Seymour in the "Giddy Gavotte." Cora is one of the Signor's pet pupils. All the other girls are fearfully jealous of her.

POEMS ON PARAGRAPHS.

NO. 20.—OWNER WANTED.

[A stableman was recently fined for working a lame horse. The money was paid by someone whose name did not transpire, but the magistrate directed that every effort be made to discover the owner of the tortured animal.—*Press.*]

UNFIT for work, the poor dumb beast is pinned
And pinioned to its toil.
Its driver, human-hearted, tender-skinned,
May from his task recoil;
Yet knows he that if he, grown over-bold,
Dissented or demurred,
The situation which he needs must hold
Would be elsewhere transferred!
So, pain-racked, panting, o'er the heavy road
The victim of man's avarice drags its load;
Till on the tortured creature by-and-by
Falls, none too soon, the shrewd inspector's eye!

Then on some blameless herd or simple youth
The Law's avenging grip
Descends, and holds him fast—because forsooth,
He held the rein and whip!
The magistrate impugns with fitting force
The cruelty malign,
And mulcts the "worker" of the crippled horse
In all too small a fine.
With promptitude is paid the needed sum—
But does not from the prisoner's earnings come:
And he who meets the mulcting lies concealed,
Too thankful that his name is unrevealed!

'Tis no especial charge I here discuss;
But I have, sorrowing, seen
That, out of twenty such sad cases, thus
It chances in nineteen.
And these base acts, I fear, will scarce grow less,
If fined poor drivers be,
While from the dreaded Pillory of the Press
Rich owners 'scape scot-free!
So here's a cheer for that bold magistrate
Who, hearing such a charge, will stimulate
His myrmidons to find the owner's name,
And hold it up to obloquy and shame!

NO CHARGE FOR THIS.



"Why do you call the acting manager *Homocœa*?" "Because he's always on the spot."

THOSE ALLITERATIVE POSTERS.

THE murderer paced the condemned cell, choking with impotent wrath. "If only my name didn't commence with P," he groaned. "Why do you wish that?" asked the sympathetic, but watchful warder. "Bah!" growled the convict; "it's bad enough to get Billington a fee, but to feel certain beforehand that that bloke who does the bloomin' *Advertiser* bills will 'ave a soft job over the execution, makes me mad. Look 'ere, guv'nor, I'll lay yer nine to two he comes out with 'Perkins Pays the Penalty,' and trust to yer honour to 'and over yer losin's to my sufferin' wife and orphaned children."

BEZER.

CHAPTER III.

OLD Bezer chortled only at times—when some particularly well flavoured and toothsome dainty had been partaken of. Then he chortled from momentary pleasure, intensified, of course, by the memory of the not very remote period when such dainties had been wholly without his reach. At other times Bezer was gloomy and dissatisfied in the extreme. The dissatisfaction that animated Bezer's soul, was because the nice things he was now enjoying had come so late in life. He regretted the hundred and one years which had chased each other into the dim closets of the misty past—years which had brought no enjoyment, but hard work. The enjoyments of the present showed him what he might have enjoyed in the past, had he gone the right way to work. Had he left his native village and gone out into the world in his youth, he might have made money and revelled in crustless buns when his teeth began to fall.

Others had done so. Since he had risen to fame he had been visited by hundreds of well-dressed people who had evidently



Milly Fitzsimmons laughed.

money to spare, and who were willing to spare it. He had the best evidence of that. Seldom did any of them come to see him without leaving some tangible token of their esteem and admiration for a man who had been born a century ago. Sovereigns and even five pound notes were dropped into Bezer's palm by sympathising visitors who had come unprovided with eatables and drinkables, and as these donations were always markedly bigger when he was reminded with unusual picturesqueness, Bezer began to throw variety and fulness into his memories of the past.

Young and soulful ladies hovered about his arm-chair, while he told them of how he had seen Byron, and how that now much neglected poet looked in a wide-awake hat, sailor-knotted neckerchief, and blue coat with white pants. Then he would enlarge about Wellington's nose, and Nelson's blind eye, and would work on the feelings of his hearers by painting the horrors of the French prisoners in England; and the money and grog and jam would pour in faster than ever.

Of course Bezer mixed things up a bit, and there were scoffers who attempted to point out that the old man was a hollow fraud, and that his history was generally as mixed as his drinks, but these scoffers only served to make the enthusiasm more furious. Could they expect that an old man who had reached the age of one hundred and one years would have his dates all fixed up, and his recollections unentangled? Why, some of his admirers admitted they could not remember whether it was the spring before last or the previous spring that they gave up frizzling their front hair because Mary Ann, the domestic, had then begun to wear her hair in the prevailing fashion.

But Bezer was smart too at times, and if he did mix up his history, was not such a fool as to allow scoffers to get away with the best of the argument when they ventured to scoff before his face. When Milly Fitzsimmons called to see him one day—she was interested in Sir Walter Scott—she was accompanied by two gentlemen, each of whom was anxious to fill the situation of son-in-law to Milly's father. Bezer gave her much information about Scott, while her male admirers stood by, and one of them sneered.

"Haw, haw," remarked the one who sneered, towards the close of the interview, "I suppose you were acquainted with Balcan's Ass?"

"No," said Bezer, meekly, "no, but I've met some of the family," as he looked pointedly at the enquirer.

And Milly Fitzsimmons laughed, and the other man slipped a couple of sovereigns into old Bezer's hand as he left the cottage.

Old Bezer chortled once more till he choked, but when he came out of the choke he sighed bitterly, because Bezer anxiously wished he were once more young.

He entertained an opinion that he would better appreciate the visits of young ladies and might be able to retort more forcibly to sneering young men. And even if he did not enjoy either of these privileges he had of late saved some money, and the joy of spending that cash seemed to Bezer to be a thing that might legitimately be longed for.

(To be continued next week.)

EXTRA HAZARDOUS.



"Is it for fire or life, sir, you want to take out a policy?" "Neither. I want to insure against accident. You see, I'm married the strong woman from the Aquarium."

SLOPER'S UNNATURAL HISTORY.



No. 8.—THE CHEETAH.

The cheetah, or hunting leopard, is one of the most graceful and elegant animals known, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, where it is in the act of spotting its prey. It is used in India for hunting game—and other things. One hunted A. SLOPER once. It differs from the ordinary leopard in its inability to climb trees. A. SLOPER found that a convenience on the occasion referred to. It is easily tamed. A. SLOPER brought a fine specimen from India and took it to Richmond Park to hunt a stag or two. The cheetah and he having bagged a good old buck, the latter got locked up, and the animal was taken to the green-yard, Lord George Sanger subsequently arranging with the police to remove it to the Hall-by-the-Sea to swell his collection. When A. SLOPER was placed on his trial, counsel for the Crown asked the judge, in the words of the Bard, "What shall he have that killed the deer?" And the judge said, "Six months." There are other kinds of cheaters. Ikey Moses is one.

(To be continued.)

SENTENCE DEFERRED.

Wife. Monday week will be our silver wedding day, John, and I think the least you can do will be to celebrate it in the proper manner. You can sit down and invite the guests, and give me a cheque for the money.

Husband. Upon my word, it seems very hard that I should be punished in this way for an error committed twenty-five years ago.

BUT THE POWERS INTERFERED THIS TIME.

Horrified Mother. Good gracious! you naughty, cruel, wicked boy, whatever have you been doing to baby?

Little Willie. Please, ma, me and Freddie is Turks, and we're laying at masserkirin the Armenians.

AMPLY ACCOUNTED FOR.



"Hullo, De Vere, you look rather crushed! What's the matter?" "Nothing serious, dear boy. I've only just come back from a *Private View*."

OUTSTRIPPED ALL ROUND.

THERE are queer surprises at times even in the burglary line of business. There's a certain sporting publican in the south of London whose "takings" are known to be considerable, and one or two gentlemen of the Milsom and Fowler persuasion, who reconnoitered the house from the "fourpence-a-pot" bar, made the valuable discovery that the iron safe, reasonably supposed to hold "the stuff" at night, was placed in the bar-parlour. So one night—or nearer three in the morning, to be correct—one of the beauties kept watch whilst another commenced an attack on one of the front doors with a flannel-muffled jemmy. Locks and bars went of much account when these sportsmen are dead in earnest, so within a very short space of time they were in the house.

Now, as we've said, the bung was of a sporting turn of mind, and nothing gave him much more pleasure than a little bit of boxing. His potman was a very handy chap with his fists, and on this particular occasion was having a set-to, for the amusement of his master and a dozen of his friends, with a coffee-coloured pugilist from the neighbourhood of the Docks. The spar was going on in the billiard-room when a noise was heard in the bar, and the two principals, slipping off their gloves, descended on tiptoe to see what occasioned the rumpus.

To say that the burglars were astonished when they beheld, by the uncertain light of a halfpenny candle, two burly men, one black and the other buff, wearing nothing but running drawers and canvas shoes, steal in, would be to put it extremely mildly. With a wild yell they dropped their tools and bolted, with the potman and nigger at their heels. It was a wild and weird sprint or about a hundred yards, and then, heading the enemy, they "dropped 'em," like bullocks, with a rare nose-ender.

"Well, strike me up a mulberry-tree if this don't cop the bloomin' 'oun!" remarked one of the fellows, as he sat beside his mate, both bleeding and sore, in a cell at the Kennington Road police station. "I've heard o' people takin' all sorts o' precautions, but—fancy keepin' a couple o' champion sprinters in runnin' costume to chase pore blokes at three in the mornin'!"

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

The Professor. Look at that little heap of revolving dust in the middle of the road; that is a miniature cyclone. And now—thy, bless my soul! it has disappeared. Where did it go?

Pupil. Into my eyes and down my throat, I think. Let's have a drink!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

27 ST. AULEYN STREET, DEVONPORT.

October 27th.

DEAR SIR,—I received the "Award of Merit" safely. I must safely say it is the best certificate I have seen. I am sending you two photographs which, I am afraid, are not very clean, because I have had them in frames, but I am going to have my photo taken with my long boots on with which I dance, and which seems to please our audiences well. I find your paper very valuable for fresh jokes, etc.—I remain, yours truly,

HARRY LINDO, F.O.S.

LITERALLY AT HER WORDS.

In front of an elegant marble bar in a big restaurant stood a gilt-edged dear old chappie, toying fondly with his third whisky-and-polly before lunch. Good temper and bad indigestion struggled for supremacy in his eye; more work and less "special" would have made a great man of him. Evading the doorkeeper, there slipped into that bar a poor, ragged woman, with a fusee-box in one hand as a sort of charm against the beggar-hunting policeman. She slid, rather than walked, up to the dear old chappie and whined:

"Spare me a copper, kind sir, for a morsel of something to eat for my seven children."

He pondered over what she said and beamed with a bright idea. Slightly turning his elaborately-curved nut, to make sure that the barmaid he adored was well within earshot, he remarked:

"I'm sure I don't know, missis, whether it would be an advantageous swop for me to make or not. True, a copper isn't much; but, then, my flat in Jermyn Street's so precious small, don'tcher know, that I'm hanged if I can see where the seven little beggars would sleep! Still, as you offer me the entire family in exchange for a morsel of something to eat, I'm inclined—"

"Not this side, mother, please," growled the returned doorporter, grabbing the now utterly bewildered mother of seven by the shawl and tugging her in the direction of the door.

ANOTHER WRINKLE FOR THE WRINKLED.

(Many people well advanced in years now employ the services of a Wrinkle Remover.)

BE MINE: I WILL ERASE A WRINKLE REMOVER.



Deepest "Wrinkle Remover!"

Though this face-smoothing "star" Can fill up Old Time's grooving, Some "wrinkles" there are That defy all removing. And one of these few Is the common-sense notion, That old "corks" aren't made new By pill, powder, or potion. No; search the world through, From Vauxhall to Vancouver, And you'll find Time pooh-pooh Ev'ry "Wrinkle Remover!"

For veterans vain, Joyous news is now toward, O; 'Twill glad them again, Spite of Chronos the Froward, O, False teeth and false hair, False figures, and so forth They've had, and to spare, And ne'er scrupled to show forth. But now a fresh aid, Those with cash may "manoeuvre." The staid, and well-paid

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

"A GRUEL Blow"—Blowing into it to cool it. SHORT Title of Kipling's last book of poems: CCCCCC. MRS. SLOPER says we are way behindtime in our 14th of November innovation. She heard of "the Auto-car of all the Russias" years ago!

OUR PARENTS' MANNERS.—No. 5.



(1) "DEAREST SLOPER,—Why are mothers allowed? Mine is really rude to me whenever I venture to put just the least taste of powder on my face. As if an English girl's complexion were not a sacred thing—as well as her own property!"



(3) "I'm sure when that love of a music-master gave me a kiss there was nothing to make a fuss about—and his moustache really tickled delightfully. Yet she abused him as if he had been a pickpocket!"

HARDLY KIND, WAS IT?



"Miss Shrilline disappointed her audience last night—didn't turn up." "Ah! she would have disappointed them more—if she had."

FARES WOT I'VE DROVE.

(THE CONFIDENCES OF BADGE 00,951.)

(Continued.)

"I MAKE no doubt, sir, as you've heard tales afore about young toffs takin' it into their heads as they'd like to drive a keb? I don't mean for a livin', you understand—though there's a lot of 'em come to that at last—but just for a spree, you know, or maybe a bit of a bet with a pal. Willin' to pay, too, they are, for their little bit of fun, which arter all is only right and proper, seein' as yer 'as to risk your licence if yer let 'em 'andle the ribbons. But there's a many as chances that for the sake of a fiver, or it may be more."

"Well, one evening, guv'nor, I gits an offer myself. A youngish-looking gent wot I'd picked up outside the Daily Royal mentions as he'd had a little wager with a friend wot'd betted him as he daren't drive a 'ansom from Piccadilly to Chelsea and back. I didn't 'arf like the idea, but I was a bit short at the time, 'avin' 'ad the missus down with the rheumatics for over a month, and I closes with 'im for a ten pun note. 'You needn't be afraid to trust your mare with me,' ses the young swell, 'I've bin used to 'orses all my life, and could drive a tandem across Oxford Circus with my eyes shut.'"

"Notwithstandin' his gas I didn't feel quite comfortable over it, but the opportunity of payin' orf the doctor's bill and one or two others wot 'ad got behind was too temptin' for me."

"Consequently next night I meets the young feller and his pal by appointment, drives up a quiet street, nips orf the box and 'elps 'im up, and his friend inside. The chap wot was goin' to drive 'ad disguised himself a bit in a old coat. Of course I lends 'im my badge in case of accidents. 'P'raps you'd like to 'ave your money now,' ses he, and slips a crisp 'un into my hand. 'You'll be here to meet us, of course, when we get back,' and with that he shakes the rein and orf goes Kitty in a twinkle."

"Well, guv'nor, I was there to meet 'em, but they never come back. I waited an' waited, thinkin' as they'd 'ad a bloomin' smash up arter all, but it wotn't no good. Then I goes orf to a pal o' mine wot 'ad 'ad a lot of experience and puts the case to 'im. Lor, 'ow 'e did laff. 'Blowed if you ain't the biggest young green'orn,' ses 'e, 'as ever I clapped eyes on. Why, man, can't yer see as it's a fine old plant to do you out o' yer little mare? Oh, yer sucklin' baby, yer!"

"Well, of course, there wotn't nothin' for it but to giv notice to the police, makin' out as someone 'ad drivin' orf with the keb while I was 'avin' a drop of corfy. And more by luck than judgment they cops the blokes proper in the very net of sellin' the little tit at a fair, and the keb we finds down a bloomin' country lane just where they'd left it. Oh! yes, they rounded on me in the dock, but the beak giv' me the benefit of the doubt, and I kep my little bit o' paper note. The tenner? A bloomin' flimsy, of course. I never was so ashamed of myself. Never."

(To be continued next week.)

TURNED IT OFF

A TALL, showy-looking woman, leading a St. Bernard mastiff, passed the door of a hotel at which SLOPER and a friend were standing. "What a beautiful creature!" said SLOPER, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the lady. She glanced angrily at ALLY, and remarked, "Sir, you are offensively personal." "Pardou me," replied SLOPER, "but I was alluding to the dog."



(2) "Then, again, what a terrible row just as I'd got comfortably interested in a translation of one of that dear, darling Zola's delightful novels. Why, if poor grandma had been discovered reading it she couldn't have had a worse scolding!"



(4) "And when I announced my intention of refusing any longer to submit to her tyranny, and of immediately going upon the stage as an actress, she positively grasped her strongest-backed hair brush, and—but I will draw a veil over the sad scene that followed.—Yours tearfully, GERTRUDE HIGHFLYUP (aged 11)."

(This correspondence must now cease.—EDITOR.)



No. 455.—MR. JAMES P. HUNT, F.O.S.

"Born at Newcastle-on-Tyne not many years ago. Always had a hankering after the drama: from seeing Sweeney Todd at penny a seat, to having a show of his own in the coal house. Admission by pins; front seats—marbles and slate pencils; audience limited. Took to drawing at early age—also from dramatic standpoint; four-year-old efforts consisting largely of funeral cars and angels with trumpets. Started writing plays at thirteen; made SLOPER the hero of one. Began contributing to London publications five years later, and is still increasing connection. Best work in writing and drawing now appears in *Theatricals*. Chiefly because he was a dramatic author at thirteen, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him September 12th, 1896."

—Debrett Improved.



"Beg pardon, mum, but would yer mind sittin' a top o' this yer drain-pipe for about two minutes; 'cos there's a cove a-comin' up the street wot wants ter give me a bloomin' good hidin', an' I don't want 'im ter see me!"



"Are you a Unionist, my man?" "I don't know what else I can be, mister, for I was born in it."



A FANCY DRESS BAWL.

"It's all right, gran'-pa, I'm Father Neptune."



(1) The muffin-man had been told to call at Mrs. Brown's.



(2) He rings the bell in complacent expectancy, while Tommy relieves him of his stock-in-trade.



(3) "What the—! Where the—!" and that muffin-man went off his crumpet on the spot.

THE ART OF SHOPPING.



"Do you want anything at Silk and Mantle's?" "No, nothing." "Neither do I. Let's go in." [And they spent the day there.]

ENCOURAGING.



Niece. You're going to ride our four-year-old to-day, aren't you, uncle? Uncle. Yes, my child; your father has offered me the mount. Niece. Well, we don't want to alarm you, but we hope you've left us something nice in your will.

SHE CALLED HIM TO BOOK.



"Mary, my hairpins seem to disappear very quickly." "Do they, mum? I think it must be the master—to clean his pipe with."



Young Fritz Shrimpton. I don't see why those fashionable high-crowned hats the ladies wear should take it out of our toppers. Do you?



ON NIGHT DUTY.

"Lord. Bill, here's ALLY been copped at last."